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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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Prison Punishment.

While conversing with a prison official a few days since, the question came up as to which was the most subduing in its effects, solitary confinement and similar methods, or the use of the strap. He claimed that the latter was the most effective, and gave the following incident as illustrative of his theory: A short time since a burly convict, recently received under a five years' sentence, informed his keeper that he declined to further waste his energies in labor. He had concluded to knock off permanently and rest during the balance of his sentence. As he made not the least pretence of sickness or incapacity as an excuse for his conduct, he was ordered strapped. This appeared to strike him satisfactorily; he simply remarked that was all right, he was ready for the punishment, but it would not influence him in the stand he had taken an iota. It took just six strokes of the strap to convince him that his position on the labor question was illogical and untenable. He begged to be released and declared he would take no further part in the management of the prison. The gentleman thought that this same treatment applied to the degraded species of tramps who fill our jails, would have an excellent effect. To furnish them with good food and lodging at the expense of the county for ten or fifteen days, he regarded as no punishment whatever. And he is undoubtedly right in this latter premise. The jail has no longer any terror for the professional tramp. It is in his line and after short periods of travel, particularly in cold weather, he casts anchor in its warm and comfortable precincts without any useless regrets or compunction, and his standing in the community is in no wise affected by his brief confinement. The stone-breaking department used to be a good feature of the jail here. With the steam roller it would seem that this system might be advantageously put in operation again. It might prove cheaper than running the stone crusher. —[Michigan Patriot.]

Handwriting on the Wall.

Wendell Phillips, the great Massachusetts orator, noted for his bitter enmity to the South for the past thirty years, seems to have had a new revelation relative to Southern prosperity. In a recent speech he said: "The handwriting on the wall is so plain that none but a fool need mistake it. New England is doomed just as sure as natural laws produce fixed results. New England has no soil worth mentioning, and her wealth has all been derived from her manufactures. These are gradually leaving her, and eventually they will all go—some to the West, the most to the South, where the advantages for profitable manufacturing are located.

The coal and iron in the South are easily gotten at, and inexhaustible in amount, and the iron mills, the foundries and machine shops can go to them better than they can go to the shops. The cotton and woolen mills must go there, for the raw materials are, and are to be, produced there most cheaply, uniformly and better. Then look at the advantages of the extra hours of daylight in a year's run. This, of itself is no small matter. As the South grows stronger, the wealth, culture and power of the country will be centered there until she will become not alone the mistress of America, but the central empire of the world."

The Bloomington Eye issues a vocabulary for young novelists, from which we make the following selections: Let us talk apart. We are observed. Perfidious wretch! Unhanded me, villain! Is this a time for jesting? And may a father's curse— He drove her from his door. Before heaven I am innocent. Your tale has touched me deeply. The future shines bright before us. At 9 then, by the old castle gates. Go, and may heaven forgive you, as I do. I will be revenged for this, Jasper Harcourt! Don't trifle with me; I have you in my power! Wed you, Wynbert Mandolin! Never! Twenty years ago your father confided to me this document!

No matter how jaded the constitution may be from disease or excess, the Great German Investigator restores it permanently. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

How Hard an Old Soldier Found it to Kill a Young Guard.

"I've killed many a man," said an army colonel, "but always in battle I never was so placed as to feel obliged to kill a man in cold blood but once. I never want to be placed in such a position again." "How was it?" I asked. "Well," said the colonel, sighing, with unwillingness to go back to that disagreeable day, "you see I was one of the 100 Federal prisoners brought down from Savannah to Charleston to stop the shells and balls from Gen. Rufus Saxton's batteries. You remember we were stockaded there on a space in front of Charleston as a sort of target for the Federal guns. Well, on the way down from Savannah to Charleston we were to escape. We planned it in Savannah. The train, a rambling, shambling affair, drawn by a wheezy old locomotive capable of something like ten miles an hour on a dead level, was to be guarded by old men and young boys unfit for field duty. They were armed, of course; but we outnumbered them ten to one. Every man in the secret had his part to play—signal to give, a guard to watch, a gun to seize. Each of us carried an improvised weapon of some sort. I remember I picked up the bolt of an old car coupling and hid it under my shirt, and I suppose all the others had arms of a similarly terrible description. My duty was to kill a guard who stood right in front of me at the end of the car when the signal should be given. It was an old passenger car. I sat in the last seat facing the wood box, and the guard stood by the stove. Presently he came over and stood by the wood box. And such a guard! A white-haired farmer's boy of some seventeen years, so sleepy with long duty that he could scarcely keep his eyes open. He had a good face, with a very innocent expression, that refined the appearance of his coarse clothes and dirty shoes. He had an old-fashioned musket—a muzzle loader, with a big percussion cap. And this was my victim! I looked him all over and measured him carefully. One blow of my hard bolt on that soft head would end him.

"I have no idea of the scenery of that route. I saw but one thing all that way—that boy. I watched him as the hawk watches the little chicken. And as I watched him I pitied him more and more. He was so young, so fair, so innocent. I steeled myself with the thought that he must die if we would be free. At the time, though, I was looking for some way in which I could do my duty and yet save that boy. I tell you it's a terrible thing to sit for hours opposite a tow-headed boy measuring him for a coffin. I don't know what fear is, but I confess without hesitation to a tremor every time I thought of his dying gasp. As I watched him and every body else in the car was watching me) I wondered whether I could not disable his gun and then content myself with stunning him when the moment came. With such care as you can scarcely conceive, I reached forward through those short legs for the nipple of the musket. After several trials I touched the gun, oh, so carefully, and in a moment more had the cap in my hand. I threw it out of the window. Then the whole car breathed freer. I know I did. The guard still slept. I wondered whether I couldn't get that musket away. I could try. I did, with inconceivable patience and care. I slowly disengaged the dangling legs; I carefully lifted the clasped fingers; I put the hands in his lap; I took the musket slowly from between his legs, and quietly pushed it under the seat on which I sat. As I did so, he shook himself, turned over with his head against the wall, and went on with his nap. Now I was myself again. He was in my power, and no blood would be shed. But just at that moment word was passed to me that the plan had failed. The coward who was to give the signal was afraid to give it; the point was passed; it was all over; the locomotive was whistling for the next town. Oh, how mad I was! I could have killed that coward without a quiver. But there was no help for it. I slowly and carefully pulled out the gun of the sleeping guard, put it between his legs again, and quietly clasped his fingers around the barrel. And then we rolled into town; and he awoke and shook himself, and yawned and looked sharply at me, better for his sleep. But he never missed that cap." —[Cor. Phila. Record.]

Edison's Electric Light is a wonderful discovery, but not as wonderful as Hall's Catarrh Cure. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

An Effect of Circus-Going.

"Whatever you do, don't ask pa if he was at the circus. You see pa and I drove up to the race track, where the circus was in the evening, and after the circus was out we waited to see the men take the tent down, and after they were gone we started to drive home. It was very dark and I drove out on the race track, and the old horse used to be a racer and he pricked up his ears. Pa took the lines and said he would drive 'cause we were out pretty late, and ma would be nervous. I told pa I didn't believe he was on the right road, but he said he guessed nobody could fool him about the road to town, and blame it if he didn't drive around that track about eight times. Every time we passed the grand stand, which pa couldn't see on account of his eyes, I lashed for I thought if he knew the road so well I could ride as long as he could. After we had rode around the track about eight times and I was getting sleepy, I mildly suggested that maybe we had better stop at a house and enquire the way to town, and pa got mad and asked me if I took him to be a fool. Then he drove around a couple of times more, and the man who keeps the track came out and said 'hello!' Pa stopped and asked him what he wanted and he said, 'O, nothing, and pa drove on and told him to mind his own business. We went around the track again, and when we got to the same place the man was there, and I guess pa thought it was time to enquire the way, so he pulled up and asked the man what he was doing there, and the man said he was minding his own business. Pa asked him if we were on the right road to town, and the man said if we wasn't in any hurry he would like to have us drive on the track all night, as it was a little heavy and he wanted to get it in condition to speed the colts the next day, but it we had to go we could drive out of the gate and take the left hand road. Well, pa was mad, and he wanted to know why I didn't tell him we were on the track, but I told him he seemed to know it all, and it was dangerous to advise a man who knew it all. He didn't speak all the way to town, but when we put out the horse he said: 'Henry, if this thing gets out your pa will have the reputation of being drunk. If you tell it you are no friend of mine.' So I shall say nothing about it 'cause it is a mean boy that will go back on his pa.' —[Pock's Sun.]

How to Travel and Never Pay.

Mr. Kimball, the present Vice President of the Rock Island, took a seat behind two section men in a coach leaving Davenport for Chicago. The conductor came in and collected fare from one of the men, the other having previously paid. Said the latter to gag his friend:

"I can travel on this road whenever I want to and never pay a cent."

"How's that?" said the other.

"It's a secret," said the first.

Mr. Kimball picked up his ear, and thought he had a good sized "hen on." The Paddy who last paid his fare got off at a way station, and Mr. Kimball slipped into the vacant seat.

"Have a smoke?" he said to the remaining Irishman. "How do you manage to travel without paying? I do a deal myself, and would like to know."

"Would yez loike to know?" said Pat, looking cunning.

"Indeed I would, and I'll give you \$10 if you tell me."

"No."

"Fifteen."

"No."

"Twenty-five."

"Done!" said the section hand, and the cash was forked over.

"Be jabers, I walk."

This same Pat is section foreman on the Rock Island, near Davenport. —[N. Y. Morning Journal.]

Why She Objected to the Hon.

On.—The daughter of a fisherman down the coast had a tiff with her lover because she would not allow him to name his new boat for her. "Why do you stand out agin it?" asked her father. "Well," queried the girl, "do you think it such a great compliment to hear every few weeks that Matilda Slocum's up for repairs. Matilda Slocum's in the dock to be scraped, or that Matilda Slocum's this and Matilda Slocum's that? If you do, I don't, and that's got to settle it!" —[Maine Gleanings.]

The first Chinese child ever born in the city of Washington, is the daughter of the Chinese Minister. She is named Mi Ju. Mi means America, and is given in honor of this country.

Picking Apples.

The proper picking and packing of apples is of great importance. The best keeping sorts will not be preserved well unless the fruit is uninjured in gathering and packed securely. The most approved method of picking is by hand, with ladders, the fruit being put in a grain sack. The bottom and top of the sack are brought together and tied and then hung upon the shoulder. A short stick may be used to keep the mouth of the sack open. The sack is quickly and easily emptied by lowering the mouth end and lifting up the bottom. The sack can be lowered into the barrel and the apples will run out without being bruised as when they are poured in from a basket from the top. Many apple growers prefer to put the fruit in heaps for a few days that the skin may toughen before barreling. In short the aim in picking should be to not bruise the fruit, and in this way enhance its keeping quality. The fruit should not move about in the barrels during shipment, and to this end the apples must be shaken down when the barrel is half full and again when full, after which the head is put on and pressed into place with considerable force. It is much better to have the upper apples somewhat flattened than to leave the fruit so it will stir in the package. The opposite head should be marked as the one to be opened. The mistake is sometimes made of not sorting the fruit. Make at least two qualities or grades, and mark each package with its grades. This will secure uniformity in the fruit in each barrel and a better price. There is much to be gained in the way of a reputation for careful picking honest assorting and the proper packing of all kinds of fruit. —[American Agriculturist.]

A Novel University.

An association of experienced instructors has been recently organized for the novel purpose of enabling persons in every walk of life, engaged in pursuits which do not permit them to attend schools or colleges, to receive instructions by correspondence at their homes. The association will be known as the Correspondence University. It is not designed to compete with other educational institutions, but to supplement their work. It is believed that persons who otherwise might find an opportunity for intellectual work will be stimulated to methodical study by the means the new organization will afford. It aims especially to benefit persons desirous of preparing for any of the civil service examinations, or for admission to college, the military or the naval academy or law schools.

Informal examinations, by correspondence, will be held at intervals by each instructor at his discretion. "Pass" and "Honor" examinations will also be held, open to such students as desire to take them.

The fee for four weeks tuition in any study of the grade required for admission to a college or scientific school will be \$6.35, payable in advance. The fee for four weeks tuition in studies of an advanced grade will be \$8.35.

A physician who writes for the Continent about the curative powers of nature is positive in his conviction that it is better for a consumptive to stay at home, where he can be comfortable, than subject himself to the discomfort of hotel life, or to the greater inconvenience of a camp. He says that the camp cure may be fairly tried by sleeping on one's own house-top. Another medical man replies that the summer conditions of spruce forests are eminently favorable and consumptives have recovered in the most surprising way living under canvas in them, where the air is impregnated with the healing emanations peculiar to the nondeciduous tree growths. There are consumptives whose lungs crave the salt air of the ocean; others to whom the dry atmosphere of Colorado is infinitely soothing; and others again who are benefited by the climate of Florida or southern California. "To prescribe Florida for one person might mean death, while if he went among the Northern paradise of spruce recovery might follow."

The score of convicted murderers in California cannot be hanged until the Supreme Court has decided a legal point in the new Constitution. They were convicted on "information and belief," instead of indictments presented by the Grand Jury. The lawyers who drafted the new constitution held that this was in conflict with the Federal Constitution, and the United States Circuit Court, to which a case was appealed, took this ground.

Why He Made No Outcry.

"I have told you boys a dozen times to keep away from this door," said a merchant, "and the next one of you I catch hanging around here will get a warning that he'll remember." The boys went away frightened at the threat of the angry man. After awhile a little fellow, wearing a ragged jacket, came along and stood on the forbidden ground.

"Move on away from there!" exclaimed the merchant.

The boy remained standing, looking up and down the street.

"He is determined to steal something," said the merchant. "I'll fix him," and taking up a piece of barrel hoop, he rushed out, seized the boy, and began to strike him.

"Oh you're a stubborn little brute," he said, when the boy struggled but made no outcry. "There now, if you come back you'll get twice as much."

The child crossed over to the opposite side of the street, and stood rubbing his eyes. He looked so little and ragged, so hungry, that the merchant's heart smote him for his cruelty.

Advice Which was Accepted.

A young gentleman, moving in good society, but whose bank account was by no means plethoric, sought out one of our wealthy citizens about a month ago and told him he wanted to speak to him on a very important affair. Croesus said to his visitor: "I am busy just now, and must request you to be brief. What is it—business?" The young gentleman thoroughly embarrassed by the brusqueness of the other, could only stammer. "Very important business," "Well," said Croesus, "let me give you this advice: Don't put it off 'till tomorrow if you can do it to-day. That has been the theory on which I have made my success in life." The young gentleman stammered his thanks, departed, and that very day went before a magistrate with the daughter of Croesus, and married her then and there. When the old gentleman found it out, he, for the first time, began to doubt the universal applicability of this theory. However, it is understood that all has been forgiven. —[Boston Gazette.]

A FACE THE MINISTER COULD NOT RECALL.—A minister, who was inclined to be absent-minded, while walking one day, encountered a young lady whose face somehow seemed to be familiar to him. Taking her to be one of his parishioners' daughters, and not wishing to pass her without notice, he stepped forward, and cordially shaking her hand, entered into conversation, expecting that her name would immediately come to his recollection. After comparing notes about the weather, however, and other topics, he had at length to confess, "Well, I know your face quite well, but I can't recall where I have seen you before." "Oh, please, sir, I'm your new tablemaid," was the unwelcome reply. —[Liverpool Courier.]

WHY A YOUNG MAN GOT A PASS.—When Dean Richmond was connected with a prominent railroad a young man presented himself before him and requested a pass. "Upon what grounds do you want the pass?" said Mr. Richmond. "Because I don't want to pay my fare!" replied the young man. Said Mr. Richmond, "You shall have it for your truthfulness," and turning to his secretary he said: "Give this young man a pass. He is the first applicant that has told me the truth for ages." —[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Deming's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The Discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAllister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

T. W. Eagle, of Milledgeburg, Ga., informs us that Brown's Expellent cured him of a very bad cough after every other medicine had failed. To be had of Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

Miss Ellen Mace, of Brooklyn, Ill., says her physician gave her up as a hopeless consumptive, but four bottles of Brown's Expellent cured her. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

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